

## VON CAPRIVI HONORED

Chain of the Hohenzollern Family  
Order Conferred on Him.Other Rewards Bestowed by the Kaiser  
on Those Who Worked for the  
Russo-German Treaty.

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BERLIN, March 17.—As a mark of satisfaction at the passage of the Russo-German commercial treaty Emperor William has conferred upon Chancellor Von Caprivi the chain of the Hohenzollern family order and has bestowed the Order of the Red Eagle upon Von Bismarck, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. In addition the Emperor decorated Herr Thielman, who conducted the negotiations, with a minor order.

Beyond the tilt between Herbert Bismarck and Von Caprivi yesterday in regard to who made the statement, attributed to Prince Bismarck, that "the road to Constantinople lies through the Brandenburg gate," the third reading of the Russo-German commercial treaty presented no feature of interest. The agrarian opposition to the treaty utterly collapsed and did not even challenge a division.

Baron Stumm's luncheon to the Emperor on Tuesday was the outcome of a bet made long ago at a dinner given by Von Caprivi, where Stumm, although he supported the treaty, spoke doubtfully of its chances of passing the Reichstag. Emperor William thereon bet Stumm a lunch that the treaty would pass, and last week his Majesty wrote a humorous note to the Baron reminding him that the prospect of the passage of the treaty had already produced increased activity in the coal and iron industries of Germany.

Professor Bastian, the European authority on Eastern geographic questions, has published a series of articles showing that the treaty, welcome as it is at present, will grow in importance to Germany yearly.

In view of the prospect of the rapid opening of the vast portions of Russia to civilization.

The National Liberal party has excluded Dietrich Hahn, a member of the Reichstag, and formerly private secretary to the Emperor, from its ranks. The party on account of the fact that he did not vote against the Russo-German commercial treaty, but it is said his identification with the anti-Semitic movement had much to do with his exclusion.

THREE LIEBELERS CONVICTED.

The trial of Plack, Schweinhagen and Ewald, who were sentenced to terms of imprisonment to-day as a result of the suits brought against them by Von Caprivi and Miquel, excited the greatest interest throughout Germany, the belief being general that the proceedings might seriously affect Miquel's political career, as he was charged with disloyalty in connection with the Roumanian loan, but the presence of Emperor William at Miquel's trial, and the Emperor's continued confidence in the Minister of Finance, dispelled these fears.

The witnesses in the case were the directors of the Discount Company and the Handels-Gesellschaft, and the latter, Mendelssohn and other leading bankers all spoke with the utmost contempt of the defendants and showed that it was possible that Miquel could engage in the alleged transactions.

Plack, who was charged with having issued a pamphlet entitled, "Pharisees and Hypocrites," the contents of which included a repetition of the charges made by ex-Minister Althwart, and who was sentenced to twenty-one months' imprisonment, in a three hours' speech, to-day, expressed his determination to stand the matter personally to Emperor William, even as he expressed it, if he was obliged to follow his Majesty on horseback. The six months which Plack and Schweinhagen have already passed in prison will be deducted from their sentences of to-day, consequently the latter will only have to spend six months more in prison. The sentences were: Plack, 21 months; Schweinhagen, 12 months, and Ewald, 3 months.

Emperor William has postponed his departure for Abkhazia until Tuesday morning, and thus he will not arrive at the lengthy official duties of the rumors circulated regarding Emperor William's death, have by no means reassured the public, as it is considered that if the Emperor's death was so perfect as it is claimed to be there would be no need of official denials that he is ill. Although the western press has the Emperor has expressed himself as being much pleased with her stay at Abkhazia, and she has, in consequence, decided to prolong her stay there until the middle of May.

The young prince, the Emperor's only son, and cold, bravely explored the neighborhood, climbing the hills and laying in a stock of good herbs. But the great light of the young prince is to visit the war ship Motika, which is lying at anchor opposite the villa Angeliene, where he has already made two visits to the war vessel, accompanied by the Emperor. They want to make at least a third visit to the ship. The young prince is now busy planning an ascent of Monte Maggiore. The Emperor, however, will only trust three of them up the mountain, and the three selected for this coveted honor are Princes William, Eitel and Alexander. They will be accompanied by Director Silberberger of Abkhazia.

ROSSUTH'S CONDITION REVERSED.

A dispatch received here from Turin, to-night, announces that the condition of Louis Rossuth, the Hungarian patriot, is extremely grave. The rumors which have spread recently in regard to the death of Rossuth have caused the greatest excitement in the provincial towns of Hungary, and during the past week many houses in the Hungarian provinces were draped with crepe until it was learned that Rossuth was still alive. The patriot's death was unfounded. The appeal for the restoration of Rossuth's rights as a Hungarian citizen, which has been anxiously discussed by the government and the leaders of Parliament, it is believed that Rossuth's death would lead to a ministerial crisis. In the meantime, Rossuth was shelved until after Easter vacation. No decision has yet been arrived at, but there is little doubt that Rossuth will die without a reconciliation with the Emperor or without repatriation there will be serious popular demonstration.

A tariff war is threatened between Russia and Austria on account of the Russian demand that a tariff on Russian corn should be reduced to a normal price. The Emperor, however, has been instrumental in negotiating the commercial treaty and in pushing it through the Reichstag. The Emperor's Russian delegates who were sent here to take part in the treaty negotiations.

Emperor William to-night attended the dinner given by Count Schouvaloff, Russian ambassador, in honor of the passage of the commercial treaty. The guests included the Duke of Saxe-Altenburg, Prince Frederick of Hohenzollern, Prince of Pleiss, Chancellor Von Caprivi, Russian Ambassador Bismarck, Herr Thielman and Gen. von Werder, the German ambassador to Russia, who arrived to-day with an autograph letter from the Czar, congratulating Emperor William upon the passage of the treaty.

A dispatch received from Trieste says that Emperor William and King Humbert of Italy, have arranged to reach Venice at the time when the German and Italian squadrons will be there and the people of Venice are looking forward to some brilliant naval reviews and other aquatic display.

## ONE WOMAN'S WAY.

She Masks as a Meek Widow When  
She Goes Forth Alone.

Washington Post.  
When a woman lives alone in the city, as a great many of the clerks in the departments do, there is one problem above all others with which she is confronted, namely that of going about at night. It is not always that there are fellow clerks in the same boarding house who feel inclined to go to the theater or go skating at the same time, though "then parties," as the exclusively female theater expeditions are facetiously termed, are a frequent makeshift. Of course, there are a good many nice young men who would gladly serve as escorts, but they are not always wanted, and sometimes when they are wanted they are not to be had.

There is one woman, at least, who has solved the problem for herself in a way that is somewhat novel. A woman alone on the street at night is confronted with such as most of the independent young women of the day are, she is much more apt to be the subject of unfavorable

attention than one not so distinguished. But the average girl does not wear all her old clothes for the sake of being in the fashion of the young lady in question has provided herself with a long, plain black cloak and a little close-fitting widow's cap, with a bewitching white ruching inside it.

Thus armed and equipped she can saunter forth with all her best literary proteges, the Quakerish cloak, and there is not one man in five hundred who would not respectfully give her the whole width of the sidewalk as she walks meekly forth to some merry making.

PERIA'S ROYAL ROUGH.

The Khan on His Travels Carries  
Dismissal Into European Courts.

Philadelphia Times.

The Shah is coming against Good Lord, deliver us! Such is the fervent prayer of the courts of Europe. For it is announced that during the present year Nasr-ud-Din, the King of Persia, will descend from the Peacock throne of Delhi and make a tour of the chief capitals of Europe as the guest of the sovereigns thereof. To say that the news causes consternation is to put the matter in a very tame way. The trouble is, however, that he comes not merely as a most offensive individual person, but as a most offensive individual person, as well, and it is in this latter capacity that he is so dreaded by the sovereigns of Europe, and his second in 1879. He came again in 1880, and it was then observed that his manners had improved. He still insisted, for example, in throwing under the table his guests' rubbish, and as fast as he got through with his contents, perhaps that is the approved Persian table etiquette. But in a sumptuously furnished European palace, with china as fragile as egg shells and worth a weight in gold, it is to say the least, rather trying. At his first dinner as the guest of Queen Victoria, in 1880, it is said he had destroyed a thousand dollars' worth of rare china. At all subsequent meals a number of waiters were kept standing close behind him to snatch up his plates the moment he seemed done with them, or at least to take them from his hand before he could throw them under the table. Even despite these precautions he broke several things and hit some of the guests with the fragments of china with the dishes. At one dinner, therefore, when some especially valuable china was used, four men were stationed behind his chair, the floor underneath the table was covered with feather cushions, and two expert jugglers were actually kept under the table, near the Shah's knees, to catch any dishes he might succeed in flinging down there. In this way the priceless china was preserved, and the Shah's dinner.

On one occasion the Shah was seated at table next to one of the most stately and distinguished royal princesses of Europe. He was helped to some asparagus, cooked in a peculiarly delicious manner. Picking up a stalk in his fingers he sucked the end with evident delight. Then, turning to his neighbor, he exclaimed: "What a fine good it is!" and thrust the same stalk into her mouth for her to taste.

Nor was his conversation less embarrassing than his table manners. Talking with a nobility of great distinction, he suddenly asked: "Is that your wife over there?"

"Yes, your Majesty."

"But she is old and ugly. Why don't you get rid of her and take a new one, one of these young and pretty women?"

As he spoke in a tone perfectly audible to the lady under discussion, and, indeed, to most of the company in the room, the sensation produced may be left to the imagination. Nor was the scene less embarrassing when the Shah one evening approached one of the royal princesses and began to pick her plump shoulders, saying: "Ah, you are a kind of woman I like. You are not all bones. I will get rid of one of my wives and take you in her place."

The Shah's personal habits were so unbecomingly familiar to the Europeans that the things had to be endured with unbecoming complacency. Never would it do to resent anything, to betray any least irritation. It is any wonder, then, that a repetition of the order of the Shah with something more than consternation? Many members of the various royal families are reckoning their future visits or travels while he is in Europe, and the court functionaries and even the common servants are reckoning their future visits or travels for keeping out of his way. Some will pretend to be ill and thus get off duty for a time, while others will actually resign their places rather than be compelled to deal with the imperial barbarian.

ABOUT UPRIGHT PIANOS.

Words of Advice in Regard to Car-  
ing for These Instruments.

New York Herald.

In your old and dingy looking, and does your brand new furniture make it look older and dingier than ever? Give it a bath in tepid water, applied with a piece of chamois skin, and after it has partially dried rub with a dry piece of the chamois skin.

If the front is adorned with fretwork—so called, in all probability, from its effect on a housekeeper—which is irretrievably gray and rusty, and you have a genius for water color painting, or a genius for coaxing a friend who has a gift, fit it with paper with silk, yellow, if it harmonizes with the rest of the furniture, and if not, with a black paper. Then paint these, on one Orpheus and on the other Apollo, with St. Cecilia, at the organ, sandwiched in between, for the music rack.

Paste these carefully over that abominable fretwork and rejoice. If the lower part has been kicked by small feet you had better turn it back with its back toward the spectators. You must be sure, however, of a good light for the keyboard, and then hang a screen across the front, and place a triple folding screen in front of it, and you will be in mode, the disfigurements concealed and the tone will be much better than when it is jammed up against a wall.

If the front is all right and you prefer to have it face around the other way you must have some attention to the top. Keep things off from its top, if you can possibly resist the temptation to make it a bric-a-brac stand, at least, if you cannot wholly resist, confine your attention to a single effective piece.

My attention was held pleasantly the other day by a French walnut piano with a length of turquoise blue silk running across the top and a royal Worcester pitcher, most graceful in shape, with cream and pink decoration, and its neck of turquoise blue. There was no looking lambrun fashion of the scarf; it lay in soft folds, and made a most pleasing bit of color. In marked contrast to this was another beautiful piano, covered with a hideous flowered velvet. Draped caught up with three shirred loops. It made one's teeth gnash with rage and grief.

A white canton crepe shawl makes exquisite drapery for a dark piano, with a crown Derby jar, in warm yellow, turquoise or a blue Wedgewood pitcher, with its dainty white cameo figures, is still better.

Never let music litter the top of the piano any more than you will allow the contents of a bureau to clutter its top. If you can buy a bamboo stand of three or four shelves, or you can have larger ones made at the carpenter's for a nominal price. Keep the piano well tuned. Grudge no money for this, as a high price tuner may be and probably is the best, and a poor one is worse than the bull in the china shop, as far as damage is concerned. When your piano grows hopelessly tipsy like in tone, if you cannot afford a new one have the hammers sent to the firm who made the instrument, and they will refelt them. Do not let an ordinary tuner attempt this; it will be far less satisfactory, and will cost nearly as much.

His Reason for Wishing to Live.

Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A citizen of Washington, D. C., lay upon his bed and groaned. The physician stooped over him and endeavored to make him as comfortable as the nature of the case permitted. Medical skill had exhausted itself. Nothing could save the patient's life. He was doomed.

"Mr. Politian," said the physician, in a low tone, "it is my duty to tell you that if you have any matters to set right now is the time to attend to them. Is there a minister or a lawyer you would like to have call?"

The sick man bent a piteous look on the doctor as he asked, feebly:

"How long can I live?"

"I can't promise you more than a day or two of life."

The patient moaned.

"Is there no hope, doctor?"

"Yes, there is hope. While there's life I never shall give up hope, but the chances are so small that I should feel I was doing you an irreparable injury if I failed to warn you of your danger."

"Doctor," said the man, almost fiercely, "I can't die yet! I must not die yet!"

The physician shook his head sadly.

"You must, keep me alive. Try it, doctor. O, do try."

"I will certainly do the best I can," the medical man replied, "but I would like to know why you are so anxious to extend your life? Is there something you wish to do which cannot be done immediately?"

"Doctor," said the sick man, with all earnestness, "I would like to put into the world, I want you to keep me alive until all the evidence in the case of Madame Folger against Congressman Breckinridge has been published."

## J. BULL ON THE SCENT

Bluefields Messenger Tells of the  
Landing of British Troops.Ye Editor Seems to Hesitate in Putting  
Forth All the Facts of the Nic-  
araguan Trouble.

Mr. Herbert Spellman, formerly an Indianapolis resident, but now engaged in the lumber business in Nicaragua, is at Bluefields, where the British landed troops recently and caused the American eagle to cock his eye. Bluefields is the capital of the Mosquito Reservation, which is under the joint protectorate of Great Britain and Nicaragua. Mr. Spellman last week sent to this city a copy of the Bluefields Messenger, issued on March 2, three days after the arrival at the port of the British man-of-war Cleopatra. Bluefields is a newly-settled city of about 1,500 inhabitants, the larger part of whom are Americans.

Although the manner in which the editor of the Messenger touches upon the international troubles is exceedingly mild, it is quite evident that he burns to unlimber himself, did he dare. The Messenger is a four-page newspaper, issued once a week, and sells at 10 cents a copy. It announces that it will contain reading matter of a "moral and social nature." Market quotations show that bananas are worth 40 cents a full bushel, gold dust is quoted at \$80 an ounce and English sovereigns bring \$8. On the first page of the Messenger the publisher heralds to his subscribers the news of the arrival of a man-of-war at the port. Under a daring caption, "John Bull on the Scent," the Messenger has this carefully-worded paragraph:

"Various are the expressed sentiments which form the topic of conversation relative to the present crisis, since the flag of the republic of Nicaragua was hoisted in Bluefields and other districts of the Mosquito Reservation. We are not aware of the circumstances which have led to this great change, as we are not in possession of copies of the official communication which passed between Gen. Carlos Lacayo, commissioner of the Reserve, and his excellency, Robert Henry Claydon, chief of the Mosquito Reservation. But it is a fact patent to all that during the war between Vasquez and Bonilla the Nicaraguan government brought several detachments of their troops here, and it is probable that some of which led to a series of communications between the sovereign government and the government of the Mosquito Reservation, of which we are not familiar."

The Messenger describes the arrival of the Cleopatra as follows: "On Sunday, 23rd a. m. it was announced that a man-of-war was in port, and at 10:30 a. m. a boat arrived ashore with two officers from H. R. M. war ship Cleopatra, commanded by A. C. How, C. B., senior captain of the North Atlantic and West Indian fleet. She came from Harbourside via Colon, Port Limon and Greytown, with a crew of 310 men, thirteen officers and fifteen guns; tonnage 2,380, horse power 2,510. That the editor of the Messenger was fearful of the result of advancing his own opinions regarding the matter is evident from the following: "Glancing over our foreign papers, we find that the outside world is greatly interested in the affairs of the two governments. The accounts contained in the Times-Despatch we publish to-day for the information of our home readers. For our readers abroad we could make a little explanation, but it is better to let the world be now under consideration it is better to say nothing."

With this apology to the readers, the Messenger then reproduces several columns of news from the outside world relative to the interests of the Bluefields people. Bluefields is on the reservation of the Mosquito Indians, and it is the only place where the British troops are stationed. Recently the Nicaraguan troops attempted to take Bluefields, and the chief of the tribe called on the British ship for protection. British troops were landed, and the fact that armed men were on American soil caused considerable comment throughout the United States. Admiral Bonham, at Washington, to proceed at once to Bluefields to look after the United States interests there.

The Letter Never Went.

Detroit Free Press.

"You see," he began, as he stood on the lower step of the postoffice with a very dirty envelope in his hand, "I have written a letter, but haven't got it posted yet. I'll mail it. If you could bring me with 2 cents to buy a stamp I'd get the letter posted right away."

"Who is it to?" asked the postman who had been accosted.

"To my mother in Kansas, sir. I haven't directed it yet, but will as soon as I get the 2-cent stamp. The postoffice will be glad to hear from me after all these years."

"Haven't written for some years, eh?"

"Friend, I fully intend to. I expect tears of joy will spring to her eyes at sight of this letter. You see, I had an object in not writing. I have been having an up-hill fight of it, and I didn't want to write till I could lick the snake back of me."

"So luck has come to you, has it?"

"Yes, sir. Next week I take a position at a salary of \$50 per month. The ideal lady, but won't she be tickled when she hears the news. All I ask is 2 cents to buy a stamp."

"Nice old mother, is she?" asked the postman.

"A regular angel, sir."

"And you want her to get the good news?"

"I do, sir. It will make her young again."

"She can't get it any too quick, can she?"

"No, sir. Would that she could hear my voice from where I stand."

"I understand that she ought to hear of this right away, and as I'm going to the telegraph office I'll send her a dispatch. What's the name of the place?"

The vagabond looked up the street and down the street, and then at the man before him, and muttered:

"Say, now, but there's only one meaner man than you in this town."

"Who's that?"

The fellow who invited me to use his long-distance telephone to hear me make news into my poor, dear mother's ears. Go on with you."

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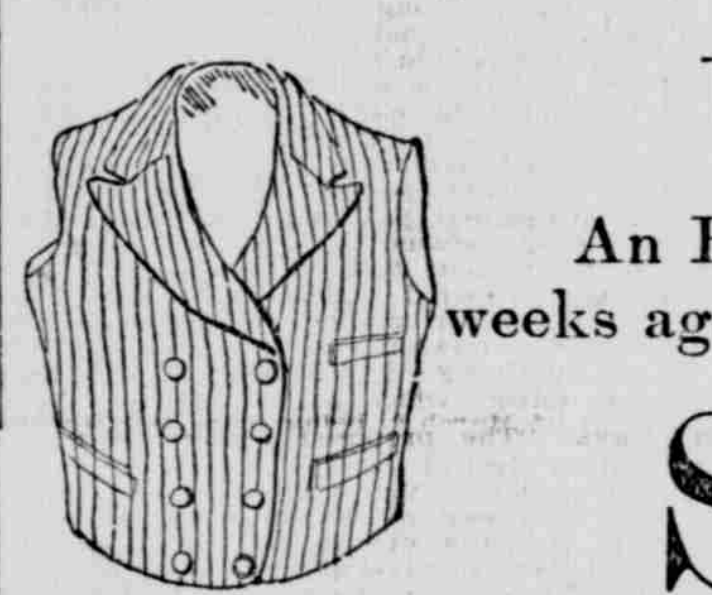
THE MODEL'S  
SPRING OPENING

Every table in our big store is piled high with the best made clothing skill can produce. Our styles are abreast of the times. You'll find everything made up according to the latest fashion plates. Our prices, too, are in accord with the times. There never was a time when you could buy a first-class suit for so little money. The ultra fashionable garments this spring will be the "Oxford" and "Cambridge" sack suits, the "Regent" frock suits and the "Paddock" spring Overcoats. We want the gentlemen who have been accustomed to having their clothing made to order to try our fine garments. No tailor has ever given you better fitting clothing.

## BOYS' CLOTHING

Our Boys' Department is full of new designs—suits that are full of snap and style, and are not very high in price. Every boy wants a new suit for Easter. We have just what you want and at the right price.

We carried over a lot of VESTED SUITS from last season. We put the knife right into the prices and offer them now at JUST HALF the real value.



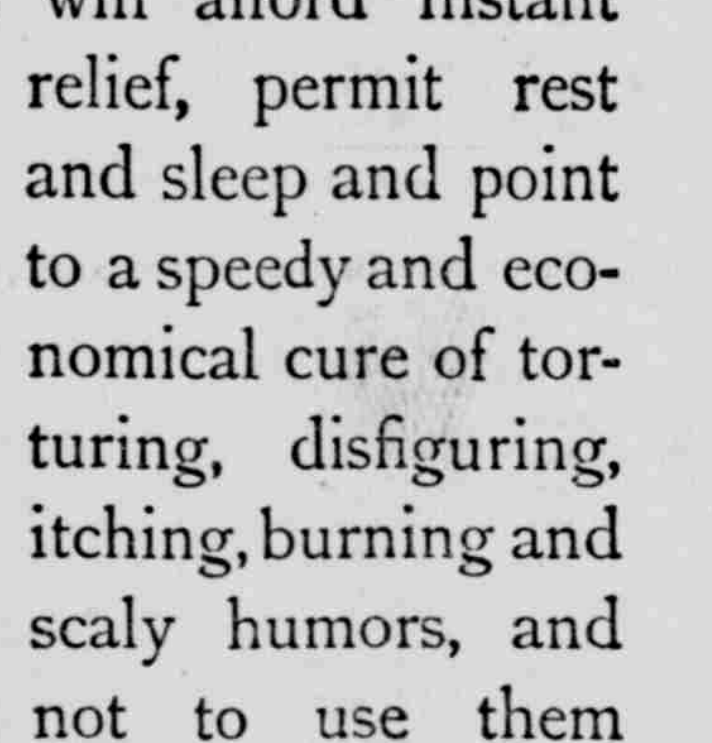
At 50c on the dollar. The goods range in value from \$3.50 to \$5.50. We offer the entire lot for Easter week at \$1.98.

Styles Single and Double-breasted.



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We give you choice of over 500 Clay Worsted Suits—Sacks and Frocks—in black, blue, brown, dark gray and light gray, that are worth \$18, \$20 and \$22. They are not odds and ends, but new goods, made up for this season's fine trade.

## VEST SALE.

An Eastern furnishing house went out of business four weeks ago. We bought all their imported

## Spring Vests

At 50c on the dollar. The goods range in value from \$3.50 to \$5.50. We offer the entire lot for Easter week at \$1.98.

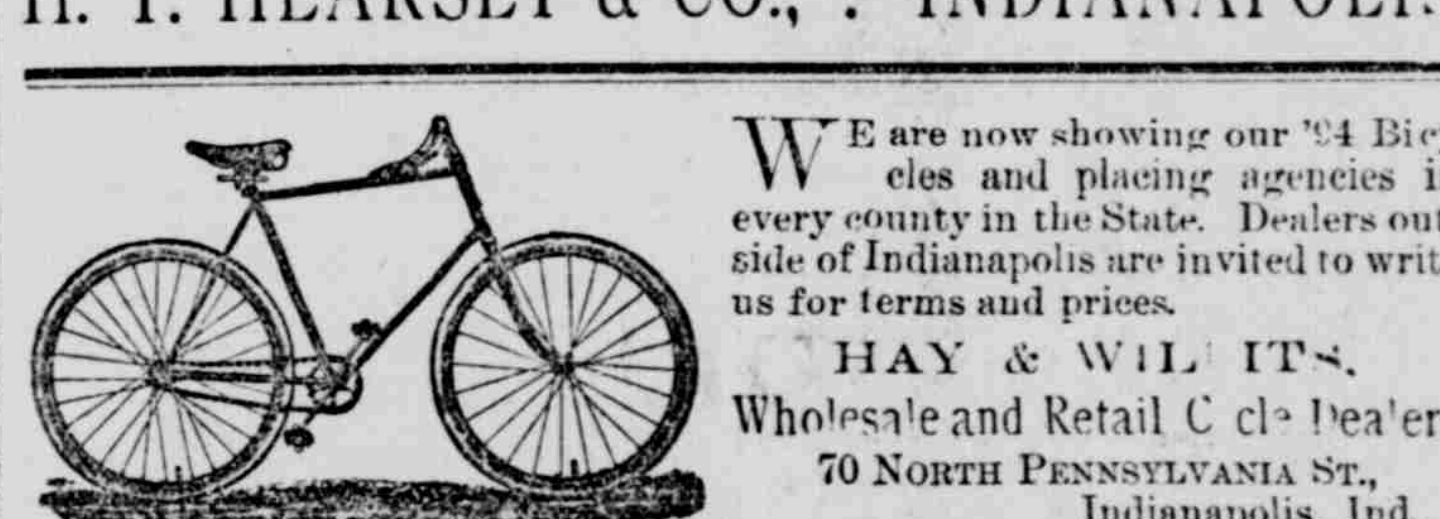
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## MODEL

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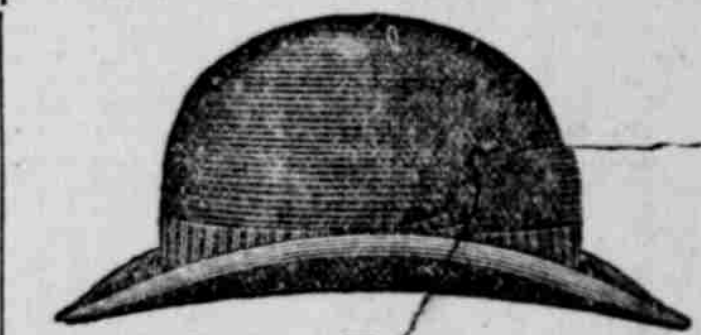
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## EASTER GREETING



Am I not a beauty? My eyes are as blue as the heavens. My mouth is irresistibly sweet, and my hair is as golden as the hues of the setting sun. I am an Easter greeting to all good people from the Model Clothing Company. They are going to present me as a gift to all their customers this week. Come down and get me.

## SPRING HATS.



The Derby Hat is the proper thing in gentlemen's wear. Our

\$198

Stiff Hat is a beauty. We have 12 different shapes, among which we cannot fail to please you.

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